



# Tattersall's Club Magazine

*The*  
OFFICIAL ORGAN  
OF  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY.

Vol. 10. No. 8. 1st October, 1937.





## *There's a Reason for it!*

The demand for up-to-date well-printed-Labels and Wrappers proves that Manufacturers realise that

**A Good Article must have  
a Good Appearance**

LET US SHOW YOU WHAT WE CAN DO

# **Ross Brothers Pty. Limited**

ESTABLISHED 1862

*Colour and General Printers, Carton Manufacturers*  
545-547 Kent Street, SYDNEY Telephone M 4955 (3 lines)

GRAN  
MANUFACTURA  
DE TABACOS

INDEPENDENT FACTORY

# FLOR DE A. ALLONES

MADE IN HAVANA



The finest Cigar Leaf in the world, is grown on the Island of Cuba, and the pick of this leaf is produced in a small area in the west of the island known as Vuelta Abajo.

It is from this area that the leaf used in the manufacture of the famous FLOR DE A. ALLONES Cigars is grown.

FLOR DE A. ALLONES Cigars are grown, blended and manufactured in Havana. They are recognised by connoisseurs throughout the world, as the most perfect cigar, their quality never varying.

THE FLOR DE A. ALLONES Cigar is produced in eight shapes, the craftsmanship and quality of each being perfection itself. FLOR DE A. ALLONES are Imported direct from Havana, by TATTERSALL'S CLUB.



DIAZ, HNOS Y CA (SUCESTORES)

Representatives

**McLAUGHLIN & CO. PTY. LTD.**

185 CLARENCE STREET, SYDNEY.

'Phone: M 4865





TATTERSALLS CLUB  
SYDNEY

Established 1858

# TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club  
157 Elizabeth Street  
Sydney*

Vol. 10

OCTOBER 1.

No. 8.

*Chairman:*

W. W. HILL



*Treasurer:*

S. E. CHATTERTON



*Committee:*

H. C. BARTLEY

G. CHIENE

J. HICKEY

G. MARLOW

J. H. O'DEA

J. A. ROLES

W. J. SMITH

F. G. UNDERWOOD



*Secretary:*

T. T. MANNING

TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Thursday, 30th December, 1937 (The Carington Stakes), and Saturday, 1st January, 1938 (Tattersall's Club Cup).



# The Club Man's Diary

Congratulatory telegrams from all parts of the Commonwealth and New Zealand were read at a dinner tendered last month by the senior staff of the British General Electric Co. Pty. Ltd. to their chairman and managing director, Mr. Edward E. Hirst, to celebrate the 25th anniversary of his arrival in Australia. The guest of honour was presented with an autographed photograph of the Sydney staff, an intimate testimony to the personal affection in which he is held, and the spirit of loyalty which he has engendered.

With members of Tattersall's Club, Mr. Hirst has kinship in being a lover of horses, a trait which he also shares with his wife. On his country estate, Springmead, Ingleburn, he has bred many outstanding thoroughbreds, including Welsh ponies.

The chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill) wrote a cordial letter to Mr. Wal Fisher, a popular club member whose health in recent times gave cause for concern. Wal replied that the good wishes expressed were greatly appreciated, adding: "Tell the boys that I also miss them, and please give any you might meet my kindest regards." He looks forward to a reunion before Christmas, when there will be many eager to greet him. Good health is a precious possession, and none deserves it more than Wal Fisher.

Mr. H. C. Priest, member of this club, writes from England: "I had a good seat for the Coronation procession, attended the Derby and generally have done the usual rounds of an Australian visitor, besides attending to my business affairs. I have been entertained at several clubs, and have been made an honorary member of the British Empire Club, St. James' Square. The English people have been very kind and hospitable to Coronation visitors."

Mr. Priest adds: "It may seem rather bad form to make comparisons. I must say, however, that Tattersall's Club more than holds its own with any I have seen on this trip. The lowest subscription of

any I visited was double the subscription of Tattersall's, Sydney."

Poseidon won the Derbies in other years, and now there are some who claim that Ajax is good enough to do likewise. A student of mythology has discovered a link between the two names. It is that Ajax, on his return from Troy, had his vessel wrecked, but found safety



Mr. George Main.

on a rock through the assistance of Poseidon. All would have been well for Ajax had he not boasted that he would escape in defiance of the immortals. Thereupon, Poseidon split the rock with his trident, Ajax was swallowed up by the sea.

That was according to Homer (not the horse, but the author of the Iliad). Virgil relates, however, that Ajax excited the anger of Athenia, one of the great divinities of the Greeks, because on the night of the capture of Troy he made too free with Cassandra in the temple of the goddess. And if you want to get the strength of Athena, you should know that, before her birth, Zeus swallowed her mother, and Athena afterwards sprung from the head of Zeus with a mighty war-shout and in complete armour.

I presume all that about Ajax doesn't disintitle me to say that I still intend to support Hua.

We congratulate Mr. George Main on his unanimous election as Chairman of the A.J.C., in succession to the late Sir Colin Stephen,

for whom he had deputised during Sir Colin's absences and illness. The new chairman brings to the office personal qualities of tact and broad understanding. He has also the official requisites of foresight and steadiness, combined with a sense of racing tradition.

Further to his equipment, Mr. Main has long association with the A.J.C. He became a member with his brother, the Minister for Agriculture (Mr. Mugh Main) in 1911, and was elected to the committee in 1921.

One of his early successes as a breeder was Salitros, who carried the colours of Mr. W. Manton to victory in the A.J.C. Derby in 1920. Hem, winner of the Doncaster, was also bred by Mr. Main, but he sold her to his brother, in whose colours she ran. The A.J.C. chairman has a two-year-old, Precious Stone, by John Buchan (imp.) from Gris Nez, in B. R. Payten's care.

Success of Mr. C. F. Marden in the B Grade competition at Bonnie Doon intrigues me. At the outset of his golfing career, when he was pulling 'em delightfully to leg, and smashing 'em forcefully to the off, I backed him against a seasoned player. And Mr. Marden won, though with what the other fellow had been seasoned remains a mystery. Many Epsoms and Metropolitans have been run since then—and the golfing colt has come good.

Death claimed still another of our friends in Mr. W. A. Parker, who had been Treasurer of this club from April, 1925, till April, 1928; that is, immediately before and after the building of the present premises. Mr. Parker lived in Mosman, but he had business interests in Casino, and was also a partner in a legal firm there. He was taken ill during a recent visit, and died in that town on September 22. He was known to very many sportsmen, and admired for his friendly disposition. Racing held for him a close interest as owner and patron. His service to Tattersall's Club was distinguished by loyalty and unremitting attention. We record our deep appreciation of all he did.



# A Personality Parade

At the September Meeting of Tattersall's Club

As one racing system is as good as another—possibly because the odds are stacked against all—it was open for a friend, who will remain anonymous, to try out what to me was a new venture at this club's September meeting.

In his race book he placed two numbers opposite the names of each of the officials, including the chairman, the treasurer, members of the committee, stipendiary stewards, handicapper, starter, judge, clerk of the scales, clerk of the course, assistant clerk of the course, and the secretary, in the order of their names appearing in the book.

He started with No. 1 (the chairman) and exhausted the numerals until reaching the secretary; then he reversed the numerals, kicking off with the secretary as No. 1. His system was to back on the tote, straight out, the horse against whose entry in the book appeared the numeral corresponding with the name of the official he spotted first on arriving at the course. The numeral corresponding with the name of the second official encountered meant that he took the entry against which the numeral appeared for a place bet.

That was for the first race. In subsequent races he did likewise—the first official on whom his eyes happened to light after each race. If there were fewer starters than his list of numerals, he waited until he saw an official bearing a numeral within the allotted number of starters.

No, I'm not going to tell you that he backed Lough Neagh in the Tramway, for he didn't. And how he got on I don't know; but, after the third race, I beheld a worried punter almost hysterically turning forward and backward the leaves of his race book, adding and subtracting and attempting to check upon his system. Anon, he would overhaul his roll. Possibly the bright thought, at the outset, gave him a glimpse of Paradise, but I'm sure he had a hell of a day at the end.

Nevertheless, the thing set me thinking. You will recall that,

while the day was one of genial sunshine, there was a nip in the breeze. To be comfortable, an overcoat was deemed necessary by many within the precincts of the official stand. Some of the hardy veterans, like Mr. John Spencer Brunton, didn't call on their coats until late afternoon. Mr. D. L. Dowdwell, well wrapped, counselled Mr. Brunton to follow suit.

Mr. Jim Hackett was another braving the breeze, but not so Mr. "Bunny" Nagle. It was just before the Tramway Handicap that I saw him luxuriating in the sunniest spot on the course, and he seemed to be deep in reverie, possibly of Ascot, the course in the capital of his native State, Queensland, where at this time of the year the lovely trees have taken on an early spring verdancy, and the floral vines entwined the stalls—or they used to in my days.

Well, fellow Queensland native—Lough Neagh! Why not? Had I asked Dave Levy the price he would probably have fallen on my neck. I put it to Reg. Mowat—with whom I had previously shared a sorrow over Valpan—but his was a perishing smile. You don't back horses on hunches or for sentiment, my dear sir!

All right, let's look over the horses in the bird cage. There was one among the starters rugged like "Bunny" Nagle—Lough Neagh. "Poor old Lough Neagh," they were bleating about me. "He was a great horse in his day." That finished it—you don't back horses on hunches and, anyway, "Bunny" Nagle might have been dreaming of Gold Rod. Anything.

Mr. George Bridges passed. "It looks like the favourite," I ventured. "But what about The Marne?" he put in. Then Mr. Llewellyn Brown—September born, like I am, and dated for a drink (p'raps, two) on the 30th—and sundry others. "What about The Marne?" It was the finest looking horse in the race but, again, you don't back horses on looks.

At the luncheon, a gentleman whom I had not met previously ad-

vised me to mark "tote" against Might Not, straight out and for a place. By this stage I was so confused that, when Mr. Charlie Munro came my way I sheepishly whispered: "Might Not—but don't be reckless." Then, with a gurgle: "The tote."

"But what about The —," he commenced, so I sped down to the tote and backed the luncheon tip, because I've always been given a winning, or placed, outsider at that happy function, where real friends meet and speeches are not on the menu. Not that I oppose speech-making normally, but, as a newspaperman, I have seen so many good dinners ruined by poor speeches. Tattersall's Club does it the right way usually—a leavening of song and stories by Frank Ryan.

To get back to the track: We saw Lough Neagh—well, we saw Lough Neagh. Those who had thrown him previously to the lions were now chortling about a champion. "Bunny" Nagle leaned over the balustrade and called to Tim Brosnan, proudly strutting after his horse: "Good on you, Tim! Good old Queensland!"

I turned to Frank Carberry later: "Well, that's what we Queenslanders can do!"

"We Queenslanders," laughed Frank. It was the first time that I'd been made aware that an old friend was a fellow townie—a Brisbane native. And here congratulations to Frank on his election as President of Coogee Surf Life Saving Association. A man with a champion-class natatorial record, and none better for the office.

When the hubbub had eased down, someone remarked: "Fancy Might Not!" It couldn't be, I told myself. I couldn't really be going to collect after having taken Valpan and Oration straight out in previous races. Anyhow, it could be. In the excitement of that glorious finish I hadn't bothered to note the third horse.

Had my tipping system friend arrived with me on the course, the

(Continued on Page 5.)



## City Mutual Fire Insurance

Company Limited

HEAD OFFICE:

95 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

Fire, Accident and Sickness, Workers' Compensation, Houseowners' and Household's Comprehensive Insurance, Public Risk. Burglary, Fidelity Guarantee, Plate Glass, Motor Car, Loss of Profits.



ACTIVE AGENTS REQUIRED  
IN CITY AND SUBURBS.

H. V. REYNOLDS, Managing Director.



WE HAVE the name of being one of the most reliable printers in Sydney—reliable because the work we undertake is invariably well done, and finished on time. *Old clients know this, and seldom go elsewhere.*

Why not entrust us with your next printing order? Good printing, ready when you want it, surely means much to you.

**Websdale, Shoosmith Ltd.**  
Colour, Half-tone & General Commercial Printers  
117 Clarence Street, Sydney  
Phones — BW 1588 - BW 1589

## Art Dyers, Dry Cleaners and Carpet Cleaners

*Poullars*

16 KING STREET, SYDNEY

PHONES: F 1148 AND F 1149.

The Exquisite 'BOUQUET' and flavour of Lindeman's Wines is the natural expression of the quality and a delight to the cultured taste.



**Lindeman's**  
wines



# RURAL MEMBERS

*Mr. F. K. Mackay, of Scrumlo, Aberdeen.*

F. K. Mackay, of Scrumlo Station, Aberdeen, is truly a rural member, for his activities extend from the homestead at Scrumlo to Northern Queensland and the Northern Territory.

As a judge of cattle "F. K. Mac" is famed throughout his district; in fact, the whole State. Furthermore, he has travelled the world, and there can hardly be a spot he has not visited provided he could feast his eyes on a few head of cattle, or sheep, as reward for the journey taken.

Horseflesh also comes under the critical eye of the squire of Scrumlo, and let it be remembered that his father owned that famous prad Beauford, whose clashes with the equally famous Gloaming are still, and ever will be quoted among the classics of the Turf. Can it be wondered at, then, that the subject of this essay is esteemed wherever prads are seen in action. Better still, he is quoted as an absolute authority of breeding, and his opin-

ion is regarded as indisputable by those with whom he is most closely associated.

Anything pastoral comes under the banner of Mackay studies, and economics also fill an important niche.

One of the most popular identities of his district, those who know him best will tell how all members of the community benefit by his presence, and our own club members would welcome many more of equal calibre and friendly disposition.

*Mr. George Wilson, M.L.A., of Dubbo.*

Anyone who has visited the Forbes District and has not heard of the famous Lake Cowal property must have been too busy to absorb the local points of most interest.

George Wilson, M.L.A., is interested in the station property named, although it was actually founded by his father. Lake Cowal is one of the show properties of Forbes and, for that matter, the whole State.

Politics first engaged the attention of Mr. Wilson when he was in-

duced to interest himself in local government, and his integrity and capacity not only to visualise things, but get things done quickly brought him before all sections. In quick time he was president of his Shire.

Although of late years politics have taken up practically all his time, Mr. Wilson is regarded as being particularly well informed on all pastoral matters, and is famed far and wide for his activities in show societies and all public affairs. He knows no creed or caste in community affairs, and is deservedly popular by dint of achievement.

In the "Big Scrap" which took place from 1914 onwards, Mr. Wilson took his place in the line with the rest of fellow Australians who answered the call, and was equally popular with the troops as in private life.

These days, as a member of the Legislature, his time is fully occupied in major matters of import to the State, but, whenever possible, it is pleasing to note, a few hours are spent with fellow members.

# A PERSONALITY PARADE

*(Continued from Page 3.)*

first two committeemen he would have noticed were Mr. H. C. Bartley and Mr. John Roles. Third member of the group was Mr. Bill Dovey. Then Mr. Frank Underwood and Mr. Fred. Smith. And then Mr. A. E. Cooper. Remarkable how many persons stopped, turned, looked after him.

I have often remarked on the affection some regulars retain for a particular seat. Note this for yourselves, next time. Everybody knows the seat of Mr. John Spencer Brunton in the stand. But have you noticed that Mr. Stephen Brown—brother of the late "Baron"—nestles away from the moving mass on the form just as you enter the laneway to go to the tote?

Mr. Stanley Crick's Sir Regent was a frequent tip for the Spring Handicap among official standers, and the son of Chief Ruler—Irish

Lyric ran a great race unluckily. As a friend said: "Plucky but unlucky."

I started to count the persons who advanced to the chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill) and, shaking hands, congratulated him on the day—by that is meant the favoured sunshine. It seemed on the Friday that old Jupiter Pluvius might prove a nark, but he could hardly have had the heart to have washed out Mr. Hill as president of the N.S.W. Rugby Union—as the blighter did on the occasion of the Springboks' visit—and follow up with a drenching of the chairman of Tattersall's Club.

Whether Mr. George Marlow balanced the budget or otherwise on the day, I did not ascertain, but several of us agreed that in health he never looked better. Back to the old spring in the step is the best

bet that could have come the way of genial George Marlow, anyhow, and, as a friend of very many years, I congratulate him. We have in common a love apart from racing—the theatre. What an intriguing volume his reminiscences would make—turf and theatre!

The only tip I gave the treasurer (Mr. Chatterton) was not to forget September 17—the anniversary of our birthdays.

There is a good deal of wandering in these impressions of the September meeting, but the complete chronicle—which might have been more complete but for space limitations—goes to prove that a day at the races means more than spotting winners. On such an occasion one meets his friends in a delightful atmosphere, familiar and almost family-like.



*AS THE BOOKIE SAID  
TO THE PUNTER:*

**—BETTER BACK  
CAPSTAN**  
*they're blended better*



TIME FOR A  
**CAPSTAN**

**VIRGINIA CIGARETTE**

*Special Mild : Medium or Full*

10—6d. . 20—1/-  
Also Flat 50's, Flat 100's  
and Round Airtight 50's



# A Great Figure in Australian Turf History

The Life and Work of Sir Colin Stephen

The Turf, and the A.J.C., as it stood in relation to the turf, represented to Sir Colin Stephen much more than a hobby. It seemed that he had set himself out to discharge a trust, to carry on a family tradition, bequeathed by his forbears. He rendered to such ideals almost a life service, and counted not the cost or the compensations.

Sir Colin sought no personal recompense, nor capitalised his hereditary aids to pre-eminence. What he gained in official distinctions scarcely compared with his contributions as administrator, breeder and owner.

He regarded the A.J.C. as an institution, and accepted its ethical relationship to racing as an article of personal faith. He was realist enough to know that the sport in all its phases was not sacrosanct, but he was idealist enough to believe that it stood for something typically British. It was part of the British character, and Randwick had its counterpart in Flanders.

Sir Colin had tolerance for honest reformers, but no time for traducers. Occasionally he may have been considered hypersensitive, yet that was the trait of a man who held dearly to the demands of his trust.

During a spasm of criticism of racing he replied: "My experience is that most horses require more pushing than pulling." Behind those whimsical words was the faith of Colin Stephen. You could no more besmirch the turf than you might question his personal honour. He was the faithful, fervent trustee all the time.

His reward was the esteem of everybody, and it seemed that, behind a natural reserve, he was proudly conscious of the fact that he held public goodwill and confidence. If anything were regarded as lacking in A.J.C. administration, in the smallest detail, he determined quietly to set it right. He was ready to study the public viewpoint, but he recoiled from artifice and adventure. He demanded the substantial, not new-fangled notions

lacking even a leavening of logic. He could be very stern.

He could be sensitive, too, about any suggestion of aloofness. "I like meeting race-goers," he said. "I may not readily recall people to whom I have been introduced with very many about, because I have not a good memory for faces. But anybody on the course may come up and speak to me."



Sir Colin Stephen.

We recall Sir Colin's drawing apart from a group before the official stand, and making his way to a bookmaker on his stand. The bookmaker had been absent for some time from the course because of serious illness. Shaking hands warmly, the A.J.C. Chairman said: "I am very happy to see you among us again." That gesture was typical of the man who never said what he didn't mean, and whose candour was always refreshing.

In recent months, Sir Colin had been in poor health, but he did not spare himself. Sense of duty, allied with enthusiasm, kept him going. He died early in the morning of the Monday following this Club's September meeting, yet he had attended on the Saturday, unofficially, and watched the racing from his car.

Sir Colin got his first glimpse

of Randwick, the racing realm in which he was destined to rule, as a boy of 10. That was in 1882, when he saw Willie Kelso, then in his 'teens, ride his father's horse, Lord Orville, to victory in Tattersall's Cup.

Sir Colin frequently alluded to the fact that a meeting conducted by Tattersall's Club had been his first introduction to racing headquarters, and he took pride in the fact that he had been a club member since he was 21. It added up, at the end, that he had been a member for 44 years, and a life member since 1933. Again and again he recalled his long membership, and this club had in him a staunch friend.

Another cherished memory was that, when he was only 11 years of age, he was presented with a riding whip by the Hon. James White, as a memento of the great victories of his horse, Martini Henri, in the Derby and Cup of 1883.

Nearly 10 years later, young Colin Stephen had the satisfaction of winning his first race at Randwick, with that very whip in hand, on Pro-Consul, a well-bred son of The Drummer, presented to him by Mrs. James White.

In fact, that victory laid the foundation of a fine career as an amateur horseman. As nearly as records can be checked, Sir Colin had 162 mounts from 1891 until 1903, and won 58 races. His riding had a remarkably wide venue, spreading over meetings at Randwick, Hawkesbury, Rosehill and Kensington, and the picnics at Bligh, Bungendore, Tiranna and Bong Bong, as well as an occasional engagement at Moonee Valley, too. Sir Colin won on all those courses.

His record as breeder and owner are too well known to call for recapitulation here, but it should be added as a testimony to his tactful handling of the big affairs of the turf, that he was the instigator of the conferences that brought about the co-ordination of racing rules throughout Australia. His was the

(Continued on Page 20.)



Remember . . . .

## "FRESH FOOD"

PRODUCTS, viz.:

**Milk - Cream - Butter  
Ice - Bread and Rolls**

ARE THE BEST OBTAINABLE.

They are used exclusively at Tattersall's Club Dining Rooms and all other leading Cafes and Clubs.

DAILY DELIVERIES EVERYWHERE.

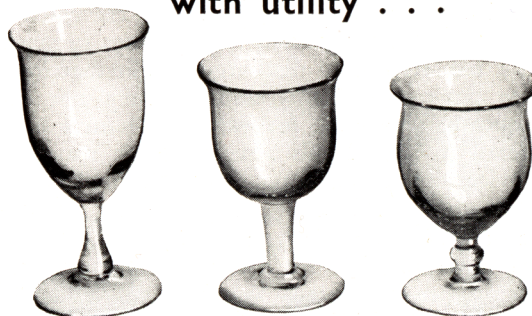
'Phone M 2981 and Cart will call.

**The N.S.W. Fresh Food & Ice  
Co. Ltd.**

HARBOUR STREET, SYDNEY.

## Glassware

which combines beauty  
with utility . . .



Every phase of hotel, cafe, club, restaurant and guest house requirements are catered for from our enormous range of Australian and Imported Glassware.

Beautiful styles in sturdy, serviceable articles are available from stock or on indent, plain or badged, from—

**Gibsons & Paterson Pty. Ltd.**

FORSAYTH HOUSE, 206 CASTLEREAGH ST., Sydney.

Telegrams: "GIBPAT," Sydney. 'Phone: MA 6888 (2 lines)

**ETA** *Delicious*  
**SALTED NUTS**



CASHEWS · ALMONDS  
· PEANUTS ·

*Take a Jar home with you*

*Marcovitch*



**Black & White**  
Virginia  
CORK TIPPED.



# Interest Growing in 1938 Empire Games

Spring is in the air, and naturally all the talk and speculation is on the noble thoroughbreds that will carry the hopes of thousands on the historic swards of Randwick, Caulfield and Flemington.

But Spring also brings us one season closer to that noble gathering of humans battling for their countries' honour at the British Empire Games in February, 1938.

With arrangements already well in hand the various committees controlling the Games are starting to speed up with Winter behind them for the months to February will slip by in double quick time.

Interest is being stimulated by the cabled news of the probable composition of the overseas teams, and speculation as to the presence or absence of world renowned figures in sport.

Around the name of world's mile track record holder, S. C. Wooderson, there is much discussion, and it is to be hoped that reports that he will not make the trip are premature.

The presence of such a wonder would provide the Sydney public with something right out of the ordinary and would go far towards filling the Cricket Ground on Feb-

ruary 10 and 12, the dates upon which the heats and final of the mile are provisionally set down.

For some reason or other athletic meetings draw but small crowds in Sydney, but we have heard many tips about the size of the crowds likely to be attracted to the Cricket Ground on Saturday, February 5 and 12.

A capacity house is certainly not at all unlikely.

From all parts of the Empire are coming reports of big and representative teams in all branches of sport, and it will not be long before our Australian teams will be prepared for their struggles.

Swimmers in Sydney are preparing, and with men like Ryan, Bidulph and Newbiggen to go after the honours, Australia should do well. Ryan has already won the 400 and 1,500 metres Empire championships twice, and his chances of performing the hat trick are bright.

Then, amongst the girls, Miss Green, of W.A., is going to take all the beating possible, for she, of all Australians, is closest to world's standards.

One regret as far as the swimming goes is that Bill Kendall, who per-

formed so sensationally in our Pool in August over 220 yards, will not be competing at the Games. Everybody would have liked to have seen him in action for Australia, but wisely, his studies come first with him and the popular young man left last month to resume them at Harvard, U.S.A.

Unquestionably the swimming contests at the Games will be as popular as any, but the limited accommodation at North Sydney Pool will keep the crowds down, and only the early birds will be in the running.

However, reservations will be made on early application for holders of the Empire Games membership tickets, and for the benefit of Club members it should be told here that these tickets, in the form of a very attractive leather commemoration wallet, are available at very reasonable cost at the Empire Games Rooms, Rural Bank Building.

Only a very limited number is available, and already over half are booked. They cover admittance for a gentleman and a lady to all the Empire Games contests, and also give the right to reserve seats at the swimming meets.

TAILORS HATTERS SHIRTMAKERS

*Exclusive English Suit Lengths*

**SIM & CHALONER**

65 CASTLEREAGH STREET Phone MA3851  
(near King Street)

● Our business has been maintained and extended by kindly recommendation of satisfied customers.



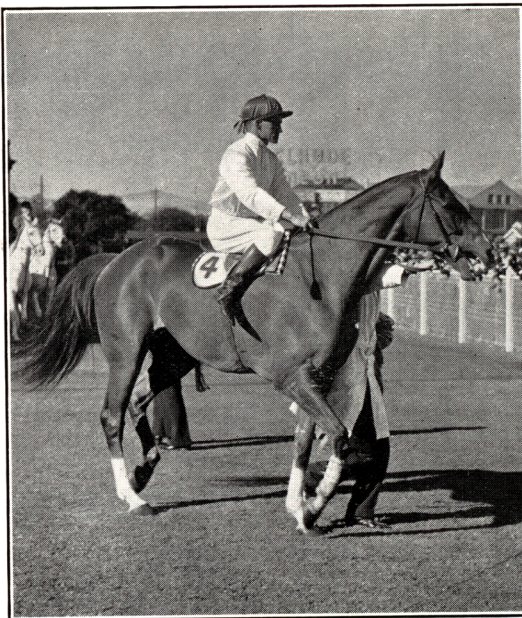
# Lough Neagh's Phenomenal Performance

By A. Knight ["Musket"]

When in 1925 the late Mr. Ben Chaffey's great colt Manfred gave his opponents nearly half a furlong start in the A.J.C. Derby and then caught them to win rather easily, the general opinion was that no such performance had ever been achieved in Australia, and was not likely to be repeated at any time. It was certainly a splendid feat, but as the Derby was run in the comparatively slow time of 2 min, 35 $\frac{1}{4}$  sec., it points to the fact that Manfred's opponents were in no hurry to make the pace after he had been left, for that was the slowest A.J.C. Derby since 1916. The year following Manfred's win, Rampion won in 2 min. 33 ses., so had Manfred been left in that race his prospects of winning would have been nil. Still, it was a performance of the highest merit to concede that much start and then win.

At Tattersall's Club races on September 11, Manfred's performance was eclipsed completely by the nine-year-old Queensland gelding Lough Neagh. In the Tramway Handicap, 7 furlongs, he was quite half a furlong behind a field of high-class sprinters after going two furlongs, and even commencing the last furlong must have been nearly 50 yards behind the leaders. A photograph of the field approaching the St. Leger reserve shows 13 horses, with a gap of fully 50 yards between the first and last horse, and Lough Neagh is not one of them. About the centre of the St. Leger reserve is the furlong post, so it will be seen that the statement that Lough Neagh was conceding a tremendous start over the last furlong is no exaggeration, when it is shown that he is not among the first 13 racing towards the furlong post. And yet Lough Neagh not only accomplished the seemingly impossible in that short space by winning running away, but at the same time lowered the Australasian record for seven furlongs by half a second. For a

gelding in his tenth year to be capable of giving a field of first-class sprinters such a start borders on the phenomenal, and completely puts in the shade the performance of Manfred, great though it was. The



LOUGH NEAGH.

latter gave his start at the beginning of a race over a mile and a half, while Lough Neagh conceded the start in the last five furlongs of seven, when every muscle of those in front of him was working overtime in order to reach the winning post first.

The recognised record for four furlongs is held by that super-race-horse Gloaming, who ran the distance in 45 sec. at Trentham (N.Z.) in 1921. I asked Tim Brosnan, owner-trainer of Lough Neagh, on the Monday after the race, if he had timed his old champion over the last half mile. He said he had, but was careful to add that he might have made a mistake. "According to my timing, Lough Neagh ran the last four furlongs in a shade under 45 sec., and the last two in 22 sec.," he stated. If that is correct, Lough Neagh ran the half-

mile in faster time than Gloaming, who was the greatest horse from half a mile to a mile and a half that the Australasian turf has known. But it has to be remembered that Gloaming made his record from a standing start, whereas Lough Neagh was galloping at his top as he commenced the last four furlongs, so that Gloaming's record cannot be said to have been broken. But the amazing part of the old Queenslander's performance is the fact that he is in his tenth year—that is, according to the date at which a horse passes from one age to another, August 1. As a matter of fact, Lough Neagh will not actually be nine years of age until November 29, and when he won the Queensland Derby in 1931 he was really only a two-year-old, three weeks short of his third birthday.

## *Lough Neagh's Breeding.*

Pedigrees do not always disclose where a really good performer derives his excellence, for it has happened times out of number, and will continue so to the end of time, that the full brothers and sisters of a champion are of no account, and yet they carry exactly the same blood in their veins. The breeder of Man-o'-War, an American champion of 15 years ago, stated that he would not exchange one of Man-o'-War's worn-out shoes for the whole bunch of his full-blooded relations. And the same could be said of several great horses in this part of the world. But when the one line of blood is to be found in the veins of the greatest horses the world over, there is good reason for assuming that that particular strain is the one from which the excellence is derived.

Lough Neagh is by the imported horse Bachelor's Persse, from Terentia, by Benzonian (imp.) from Culture, by Boniform from Culroy, by Wallace. It is in the last two removes that we find a double cross of Musket, as Boniform was by



Multiform, grandson of Musket, and Wallace was by Carbine, son of the same horse. This double-cross is to be found in the lineage of Phar Lap and Nightmarch, two exceptional horses in their time; while many winners of the English Derby, including Mid-day Sun, this year's hero, has the Musket strain on one side or the other of his pedigree. It is the same in America, where Sir Galahad III. and Bulldog, two sons of the Spearmint mare Plucky Liege, are leading sires of stayers. As most students of breeding are aware, Spearmint was a son of Carbine, and, besides winning the English Derby, sired a winner of that race in Spion Kop, who, in turn, begot the 1928 winner Felstead. When Spearmint won the Derby in 1906 he established a record for the race; when Spion Kop was successful he further reduced the record, and when Felstead was the winner he registered the same time as his sire. "Blood will tell," is an old saying, and in the case of Musket it certainly does all the world over.

A deal of the credit for Lough Neagh's greatness at such an advanced age belongs to his owner-trainer, than whom there is no better horseman in Australia. Tim has had the handling of the gelding since he was a yearling, and understands the horse thoroughly. He says that Lough Neagh has never had what could be called a really good spell. Now and again he is eased in his work for a month, but he puts on so much flesh while off the tracks that Tim finds it difficult to take it off again. When put into work after one of these short rests, the gelding is gradually brought along to his peak form. When he finished out of a place recently in Brisbane, it was said of the old fellow that he had entered the sere and yellow of his racing career; but by the style in which he mowed his opponents down in the Tramway Handicap, there is every reason to believe that he is better now than ever he was. But, should Lough Neagh never win another race, he has performed a feat that is unparalleled in the history of Randwick races, and his name is

## Bedroom Rates

Front Room with Bath  
including Breakfast . . .

**12/6** per day

Inner Room with Bath  
including Breakfast . . .

**10/6** per day

Remainder of Rooms  
including Breakfast . . .

**8/-** per day

bound to live for ever with those privileged to witness his absolutely phenomenal performance. I have been attending races regularly since 1892, and I have never seen anything to approach the speed which the old champion accumulated on September 11. Good luck to Tim and his ancient wonder-gelding!

**PULLMATCHES**  
THE BRITISH MADE WONDER MATCH

*Take one Home today!*

A SHARP PULL AND IT LIGHTS

GET THE PULLMATCH HABIT

THE MATCHING QUALITY



# The Smell of a Good Cigar

(By Lester Hutter.)

"What this country needs most is a good five-cent cigar," uttered the late Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall. But that was way back in the early 1920's—before the cigar revolution. Since then, thanks to inventive genius and modern mass production methods, so many good nickel cigars have appeared on the market that almost ninety per cent. of the five billion cigars Americans annually turn to smoke are in the five-cent class. Four and a half billion nickel cigars!

Until the end of the nineteenth century, a full four hundred years from the time Columbus and his hardy Castilian crew first set eyes on the naked cigar-smoking natives of Cuba, no essential change had been made in manufacture. The art was a closely and jealously guarded one, calling for great skill and long years of experience. Father taught son, and so as the generations passed cigar makers grew more and more expert and efficient turning out a finer finished product in a shorter time. But the same basic methods—which, incidentally, are still used in the production of the finest Havana cigars—remained substantially unchanged. Perhaps the greatest single advance was the substitution of a pot of vegetable paste to seal the wrappers, instead of the equally effective, more convenient, though less hygienic, natural oral secretions of the cigar maker. There remained the same crude rolling board, the simple, handleless knife. Add the ten amazingly dexterous fingers of the cigar maker, and there you have the entire "machinery" constituting a one-man cigar factory.

But this almost primitively conducted industry could not long exist. The industrial era was in full swing. On a thousand fronts the modern manufacturing technique had invaded the handcraft trades without a single defeat. Though the limited number of really expert cigar makers gained strength by powerful

unionisation and managed to stave off the "enemy" for a full generation, all the ammunition was on the side of progress. The day was soon to come when the cigar maker was to be one in name only.

In spite of loud protests, demonstrations, and innumerable strikes—for the cigar makers intuitively sensed this was the first step in a long but steady march to their own graves—the sheer force of those innumerable circumstances that drive us ahead to progress succeeded in forging the first link in the evolution of the modern cigar. Exit: the cigar maker. Enter: the teamwork method.

Under the old Spanish custom the operator was an artisan taking great pride in his work. Proudly, he could point to his daily batch of cigars and tell the wide world he made them. But not so under teamwork, where operators worked in crews, each doing his assigned part to *assemble* a cigar.

To understand the assembly of a cigar calls for some knowledge of anatomy. A cigar consists essentially, of two parts—a filler and a wrapper. The filler is made up of a quantity of select sprigs of tobacco placed longitudinally so as to insure an even draw and combustion. It is the core of the cigar, constituting a full ninety per cent., if not more, of the cigar's total bulk. The wrapper is a choice thin type of leaf, selected for its colour, aroma and elastic properties. Since the leaf has a stem it becomes necessary to remove it, leaving two halves of a leaf; one half having veins extending toward the right, and the other half with veins running toward the left. The wrapper must be applied with the glossy side of the leaf outward, and in a spiral direction, so that the small veins run lengthwise on the cigar. Result: left-hand and right-hand cigars; left-handed and right-handed cigar wrappers.

Now They're Rolled in Ultra-Modern Plants by Neat Young Girls to the Accompaniment of Soft Piano Music.

The teamwork method demanded a change in the cigar's structure. A crude sort of wrapper, called a *binder*, was rolled over the filler, the whole constituting a *bunch*. And then the wrapper was applied to complete the cigar.

One operator did nothing all day long but remove the stems, or mid-ribs, from the wrappers. Since a less skilled person was demanded, economy number one was realised. Then in units of three—two wrapper rollers, a left-hand and a right-hand, to one bunch-maker—the teams worked. The terms are self-explanatory: the bunchmaker fashioned the filler and applied the binder, forming the bunch, while the wrapper rollers applied the wrappers, and trimmed the cigars to size. With this division of labour came several economies: payrolls decreased because less experienced help was required for certain operations, while production increased as workers grew more and more proficient from confining their activities to a more limited series of operations. Net result to the consumer: better and less expensive cigars. But this was only the beginning.

It wasn't very long until machinery muscled into cigardom. The old-timers fumed and burned up at the introduction of the mould process. But after all, what else could they do in the face of the industrial revolution but eventually calm down and puff away at their daily quota of free cigars?

The mould was nothing more than a simple matrix of wood with a series of some twenty-odd cigar-shaped cavities. The bunchmaker, instead of passing his output to the wrapper rollers, now placed his bunches in the mould, fastened down the cover, and left them there long enough for them to shape themselves perfectly. The economy in labour was sizable. Production



was again pushed up; labour costs pulled down.

Improvement after improvement followed. A clever machine that removed the wrapper stems. Then the suction table to hold the leaf in place while the operator hand-cut the wrapper to size and shape, only to be shortly followed by the almost automatic wrapper cutter where the operator merely placed the leaf over a cutting die, and presto, out came a perfectly cut wrapper. But the deadliest blows were yet to be dealt: came the bunch-making machines, and finally the knockout punch in the form of automatic wrapper-rolling devices. Combine these various units, co-ordinate them, and you have the modern factory turning out machine-made cigars.

The modern mammoth cigar plant, turning out nickel goods, substitutes teams of machines for teams of men. With a machinery investment running well into the millions, it turns out three, four, and five hundred million cigars a year. To watch these machines at work is a liberal education in mechanics and mass production technique; it is to see the industrial engineer happily wed to inventive genius; human ingenuity at its peak. For with an amazing degree of fidelity these machines duplicate the skill that was once the exclusive pride of the expert handworkers.

One unit removes the stems and veins, passing the leaf along to another machine that bunches and cuts the long filler to proper size. Measured and weighed automatically, this filler charge is conveyed to the binder manipulator where the binder leaf is applied and mechanically sealed with an edible vegetable paste. Another device rolls the bunch, as the filler and binder is called, duplicating the hand-rolling operation to a nicety. The purpose of this operation is to distribute evenly the filler to insure a free draft and a uniform burn. The embryonic cigar is carried to another unit where the cigar ends are shaped, whence it is conveyed to the wrapping machine—a marvel of synchronised mechanical action. A glistening giant metal arm reaches

over to where the leaf has just been cut on the automatic cutting die, and for all its weight, it deftly picks up a single wafer-thin leaf. Before you know what has happened, the wrapper has been rolled on and sealed with a touch of gum tragacanth, a colourless, tasteless vegetable liquid free from impurities. Meanwhile a little bevelled gadget whirs to shape the head—the nipple end. In a jiffy, the charge is whisked off to the finishing machine, where with maternal tenderness the machine offspring, now worthy of being called a cigar, has its wrapper smoothed; is trimmed to proper length; and then as a sort of farewell gesture the tip is given several affectionate, if not encouraging pats. Elapsed time from conception to birth, seven and one-half seconds flat.

Several inspections and reinspections are to follow for "workmanship" and particularly colour. And then the new-born cigar is fed into a nimble automatic machine to be diapered in shiny cellophane or perhaps foil, and given its baptismal name via an attractive cigar band.

Five-cent cigar production represents the last word in cigar evolution: the completely machine-made cigar. But as we ascend the price scale, volume drops sharply. A point is reached where it is more economical to dispense with this or that unit, until in the highest priced all-Havana cigar we find the old Spanish Handwork method employed, essentially no different than it was four centuries ago—the prototype of all cigar production.

This leads us right into the heart of a hotly contested issue: machine vs. handmade cigars. The handmade advocates insist that the machine-made cigars lack a certain something: an indescribable touch of the expert cigar maker's magic fingers. To this the machine adherents reply, "Bosh."

Strictly speaking, the only truly handmade cigars are those made along the Spanish lines where the wrapper is hand-rolled over the

filler itself. For the bunch-made cigar—filler, *binder*, and wrapper—uses a machine somewhere down the line: it may be a simple mould, a stripping device, or a bunch-making machine. With the exception of the Spanish Handwork technique, it seems to be a question of the degree of mechanisation.

If we are to go by the experience of a similar controversy of some years back: the handmade vs. the machine-made cigarette, a point is scored against the hand-made cigar's case. Because machine-made cigarettes are superior to handmade ones. But cigarette and cigar production are two different things.

In the hope of not being sucked into this volcanic argument, it seems fair and reasonable to say that the high quality completely handmade Havana cigars are, if anything, superior in workmanship. But the low-priced "handmade" cigar—really team-made by assemblers rather than true cigar makers—has no definite advantage in workmanship. However, workmanship is one of the least important of the major factors that determine the quality of a cigar. A cigar remains as it was and always will be—essentially a roll of tobacco.

(To be continued.)



**KEEP FIT**  
Become a Regular  
Patron of the Pool  
and Gym.

PHYSICAL CULTURE CLASSES  
5.15 to 5.45 p.m. daily



# Pool Splashes

Just a few more weeks and the Swimming Club will be active again. To be exact, the 1937-38 season will be ushered in with a 40 yards Handicap on Thursday, October 21st.

Incidentally, this will be the Swimming Club's tenth season, so it is getting on in years, and it is no wonder the pioneers chuckle to themselves as they regard the growth of their baby.

But, large as the Club has grown, there is still plenty of room for more members, and for the benefit of intending and very welcome newcomers, let us tell what is being done.

Races are held every Thursday during the luncheon hour, mostly over 40 and 60 yards, though there are events over longer distances. Heats are swum that day with finals on the following Tuesday.

A point is given for every start, and three, two and one extra for the first three placed in each final. It may be mentioned here that it is possible that the system used in some clubs of giving points for place-getters in heats as well as finals is under discussion for the new season.

For the highest points getter in

each series of four races a trophy is awarded, and for the man who gains the highest number of points in the season there is the highly prized Cup presented by Messrs. John Dewar and Sons Ltd.

To gain absolute possession of this valued trophy a member has to win outright two years in succession or three times in all.

The new Cup, the second to be presented by Dewars, was up for competition last season, and possession was divided by Messrs. George Goldie and Cuth. Godhard, so that none has yet been able to claim an outright win towards ownership of the trophy.

But, apart from the trophies, and quite above them is the sporting spirit of the club, and we have no hesitation in recommending membership of the Swimming Club as a means of participating in the healthiest of recreations and of a grand sporting rivalry.

It is well to mention here that a trophy has been presented for the coming season for the runner-up in the Dewar Cup contest. The sporting donor is Dave Tarrant, and members will welcome and prize this presentation all the more from the fact that Dave has been the

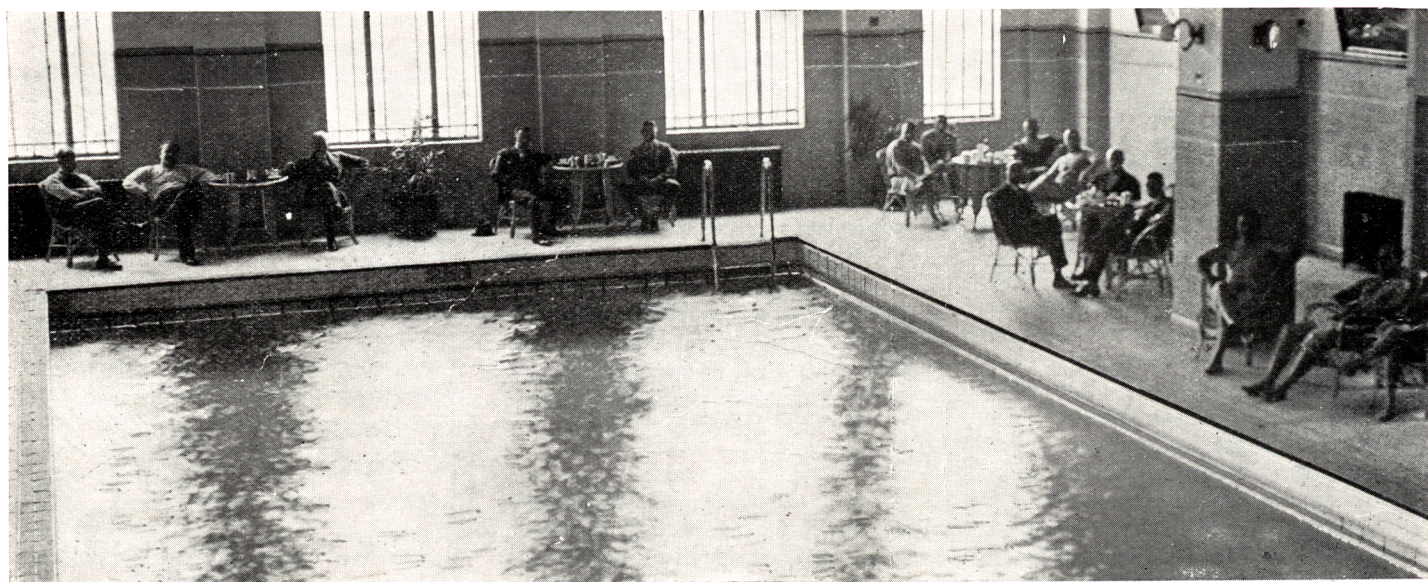
Racing Starts on Thursday,  
21st October—Trophy Presented by Dave Tarrant for  
Dewar Cup Runner-up.

runner-up during the past two seasons.

The history of the Dewar Cup dates back to 1929/30, and a list of the winners and placed men shows how enthusiastic have been some of our members in their tussles for the Cup:—

- 1929-30.—H. Robertson (63), 1; S. Carroll (59), 2; A. Richards (54), 3.
- 1930-31.—A. Richards (76½), 1; K. Hunter (74½), 2; H. Robertson (69), 3.
- 1931-32.—K. Hunter (79), 1; C. Godhard (78½), 2; S. Carroll (72), 3.
- 1932-33.—C. Godhard (67), 1; Dr. Clough (64), 2; K. Hunter (63½), 3.
- 1933-34.—A. Richards (81), 1; K. Hunter (73½), 2; C. Godhard (66½), 3.
- 1934-35.—A. S. Block (80), 1; C. Godhard (68½), 2; S. Carroll (58), 3.
- 1935-36.—A. S. Block (63½), 1; D. Tarrant (57), 2; C. Godhard (56), 3.
- 1936-37.—G. Goldie and C. Godhard (60), 1; D. Tarrant (59½), 3.

Pride of place goes to Cuth. Godhard, with a win and a tie for first, two seconds and three thirds.



*The Club Swimming Pool*



# Table Tennis Exhibition

Members were treated to something unusual on Friday, September 3, when an exhibition of table tennis was given by M. Szabados and I. Kelen. For the benefit of those who may find difficulty in pronouncing the names, these Hungarian champions decided they should be known as "Mick" and "Steve" respectively. "Mick" has, at one time or another, won everything that matters in his sphere of sport, including the world title. "Steve" also has a string of blue ribbons tucked under his belt, and, as a combination, they showed us play of superlative quality.

Table tennis, as played by these two champions, becomes something new and distinct. Nothing like the

old ping pong we knew, and nothing like we imagined it would be.

The game had not proceeded long before all those looking on realised here was something very unusual, unique and absorbing.

Here was tennis being played with all the strategy and placing as in a Davis Cup game.

Back-line play, net-play and every move of our major sport was, and is, inculcated in table tennis, as displayed by our visitors.

A significant fact with regard to interest was supplied by virtue of an increasing number of spectators as the game moved along. Who won? What matter. This time Kelen proved victorious by a narrow margin of points in a three-

game match, but not before we had witnessed a scintillating display. Imagine a man being driven back fifteen feet and more, and then placing a light celluloid ball a few inches on the right side of the net.

This happened time and time again in long rallies which had everyone keyed to a pitch of excitement.

Little surprise was expressed a few days later when M. Szabados was proclaimed winner of the Australian Championship, while with fellow countryman I. Kelen, the doubles banner also went overseas.

This table tennis exhibition will long live in the memory.

Mr. H. Schachtel was referee.

## **ANNOUNCEMENT!**

### **EXHIBITION OF TABLE TENNIS**

BY

**MESSRS. M. SZABADOS AND I. KELEN**

**MONDAY, 4th OCTOBER, 1937**

**AT 8.30 p.m.**



# Playing Cards

## When Were They Introduced?

The demand for playing cards is increasing annually. In America last year for every inhabitant of that country — man, woman and child—three packs of cards were produced. Something similar is happening in Australia.

It is said that playing cards were invented in 1392 by Jacquemin Gringonneur, so that Charles VI., the insane King of France, could be amused. But that is incorrect. Playing cards are mentioned in the Annals of Provence as early as 1361, and John I. of Castile issued an edict against them in 1387. According to a Swiss monk named Johannes, whose manuscript is in the British Museum, the game of cards was first introduced into Switzerland in 1377. There are claimants for Germany and Italy of the introduction of their first "broads" in the fourteenth century.

The Chinese had cards about 1100 A.D. They had dots for symbols. The cards were called "che-pae," or paper tickets. There were 30 cards in a pack, three suits of nine cards each and three independent cards superior to the rest. One of these three "jokers" was called "the white flower." Poetic terms were used for the others—"the nine myriads of strings of beads," "the nine units of cakes," "the nine units of chains," and so on. These Chinese cards were rectangular in shape.

In India in early times circular cards were the vogue. The Hindus

made their cards of canvas that was stiffly varnished. The pack contained 96 cards. As with our own cards, the numerals ranged from 1 to 10, but there were eight suits, divided into four "superior" and four "inferior." Each suit had a colour of its own—green, blue, red, yellow, black, brown, white or fawn. Hindu cards had no queen, but there was a king, and he had his prime minister. Our own familiar pack of 52 cards descends from a larger aggregation. In Venice, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, a pack of 78 cards was utilised. Of these 56 bore numerals, and the figures of the king, queen, chevalier and valet. There were four suits, with four of the court cards to each. The numerals were from 1 to 10. The 22 other cards were emblematic; they were held to have survived from remote times, and to have been used for divination. These were of higher value in the game and were called "trumps."

In course of time these emblematic cards were eliminated, as well as one of the court cards in each suit, leaving the pack with 52. Then came variety in the symbols used. The Italian, French and Spanish suits comprised swords, cups, and batons and money, while the old English and German cards showed hearts, bells, acorns and leaves.

The spade on the present-day playings cards secures its form from the symbol of the German leaf, and its name from the Italian "spada," which was the name given in Italy to the suit of swords. The club takes its shape from the German acorn, and its name from the translation of the Italian "bastoni." The German heart remains, though at times it was a chalice or a bell. The sword symbol, through French adaption, became the "pique" or lancehead, then the diamond. Such is the mixed-up genealogy of the cards of our time.

Engravers of the sixteenth century designed and executed playing cards of great artistic merit, and those of Jost Amman, engraved on wood in Nuremburg in 1588, are supreme example of the kind. That city was long the chief centre of card manufacture. In 1452, John Capistran preached there for three hours against the card habit, and wrought up public feeling to such an extent that a huge bonfire of cards, backgammon boards and dice resulted. Bologna, too, once witnessed such a scene.

It was the custom in the seventeenth and eighteenth century to satirise political, historical and social events on playing cards by means of cartoons. The French Revolution offered a particularly fine opportunity to the republic draftsman to show their contempt for kings and queens.

## THE PERFECT COCKTAIL

$\frac{1}{3}$  French Vermouth

$\frac{1}{3}$  Italian Vermouth

$\frac{1}{3}$  Dry Gin

Shake well and strain into Cocktail Glass.



Noilly Prat French Vermouth Imported

Martini Rossi Italian Imported

Finsbury London Dry Gin Imported



● Obtainable at Bottle and Grocery Department,  
1st Floor.



# Billiards and Snooker

Australian Amateur Title Decided—New Champion's Remarkable Ability—Big Games for Sydney—World's Champion Seriously Challenged—Our Own Tournaments Nearing Conclusion.

Much has happened in the billiards world since last issue of the magazine.

The Australian championship has been decided in Melbourne, and it is pleasing to note that this club was represented by Mr. W. Longworth, who won the N.S.W. title.

As was expected, the cue ability of Bobby Marshall, of Perth, proved too great for the opposition, and he ran out an easy winner. Most satisfaction, however, will be derived from the fact that Marshall returned the remarkable average of 32 points per stick throughout the final game of 2,000 up.

Runner-up was Tommy Cleary, of Victoria who, though completely overshadowed, gave abundant proof of his efficiency with several tallies over the century mark.

For the Empire Games tournament to be conducted in Melbourne next season, the two players named have been selected to represent Australia, and we can rest content our interests will be well preserved.

Biggest opposition this time is expected from England, and Kenneth Kennerly is regarded as fully worthy and capable of extending Marshall, who is the greatest find in the amateur billiards sphere since the days of Laurie Steeples and Sidney Lee. We are delighted to be in a position to state all the players

named will be seen in action in Sydney, and, very probably operating on our own tables.



Laurie Steeples, of England, whose superlative Billiards as an amateur is now being seriously challenged by Australian R. ("Bobby") Marshall.

## World's Championship Stir.

A stir has been caused in the professional sphere by the persistency of New Zealander Clark McConachy in his challenges to Walter Lindrum for a title match.

The first challenge was issued in August, but the champion replied that whilst he was willing to defend his title, he had already booked engagements for the rest of 1937 with the exception of two weeks. McConachy suggested three games—two in Sydney or Melbourne, with the third to be played at a venue to be decided.

Now, in the last week in September, McConachy is demanding the title shall be decided in the two weeks Lindrum announced he had to spare. That is the position at the moment, and next move is awaited from Lindrum, who is at present touring Tasmania.

## Our Own Tournaments.

The Club's annual billiards and snooker tournaments are nearing completion.

Four players have withstood the strain in the billiards section. "Rose Bay" (owes 175), Hans Robertson (owes 150), C. Hall (rec. 85) and F. Vockler (rec. 40) remain to fight out the final.

Some excellent finishes have resulted and the wide range of handicaps participating in the semi-finals may be taken as indicative of commendable judgment by those who assessed individual value of players.

(Continued on Page 20.)

### THE EASY SHAVING RAZOR.

For perfect ease and comfort, shave with a hollow-ground Plum Razor — fully guaranteed and kept in order for two years, free of charge.

Selected Steel, black handle .....	12/6
Extra Quality Steel, xylol handle .....	15/6
Superfine Steel, ivory handle .....	21/-

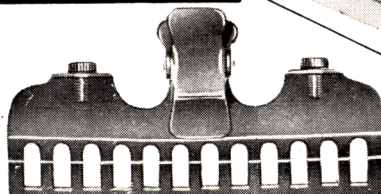
All Post Free.

PLUM RAZOR — It's satin smooth.

**CRAIG & AITKEN**

654 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

**THE EASY-SHAVING RAZOR.**



Guard to convert the Plum into a safety razor, 3/6 extra. Fits  $\frac{3}{8}$  and  $\frac{1}{2}$  blades.





# Physiculturist Washes Lungs Daily

## Methods Adopted—Results Secured

"Wash your lungs daily" is advocated by a prominent physiculturist. An internal oxygen bath is as essential as the external bath. The latter is taken because of the requirements of society. The internal oxygen bath is essential to longer life.

Deep breathing is to be commended, but in many cases these exercises are not complete. There is the gymnasium conductor who merely instructs his class to "inhale, exhale," so fast that his pupils are panting through the top of their lungs only.

The following is a formula given for deep breathing:—

- (a) Take a long breath; then hold your breath for a period in the belief that you are still inhaling.
- (b) They believe that deep breathing consists of getting air into the lungs and holding it there.
- (c) They do not fully realise the need of thorough exhalation.
- (d) They stop before the lungs are "washed."

The formula does not go far enough. A more thorough process provides for the washing of the lungs. The exercise should be taken in a well-ventilated bathroom. There is not sufficient room to run or jump in order to get the desired stimulus to the breathing exercise; so a crouching position is assumed similar to that of a boxer, who then "swims" vigorously with arms and body, using the exact movements of a swimming crawl stroke. This is done hard and fast until breathing is accelerated. The next procedure is to stand perfectly still, with hands on stomach, and begin exhaling through the nose entirely, with mouth closed. Keep on slowly drawing in the air. Soon it seems that the lungs are full, but it is essential to force the fresh air down into all the bottom lung cells. For eight hours, while asleep, a person breathes with only the upper part of the lungs. In these circumstances precious oxygen must be forced down to the remote recesses of the lungs.

### No Undue Straining.

With chest fully expanded a little more air is sucked in, but not sufficient to get to bursting point. There must be no undue straining with this exercise. With the lungs full, the pupil will then constrict the stomach and chest muscles slightly, in order to squeeze the lungs and churn the air a little. This movement is also preparatory to exhalation. The air is expelled through both nose and mouth with a rush. It has delivered its load of life-giving oxygen to the blood, and now is carrying out a lot of carbon dioxide. The air is got rid of quickly and as much care should be exercised to squeeze out the lungs as is expended in filling them. The stomach muscles are drawn in vigorously, the shoulders thrown forward, and the chest and stomach muscles are crowded in on the lungs. With the lungs squeezed out, stand erect and begin inhaling again.

Never less than five deep breaths should be taken during an exercise. Often many more than five are taken, but never less than five—no matter how great the hurry to get on with the other requirements of the day. If there is a tendency to curtail the exercise, the time will arrive when no exercise is taken. The inflexible rule of "five breaths" must be adhered to. The few moments spent in deep breathing daily are the most important moments of an average day. The lung bath is of more vital importance than bodily bathing, teeth brushing and shaving. By no means should there be neglect of the cleanliness of vital organs on which health and life depend. As we would not think of going to work with a dirty face, we should not start the day with the bottom parts of our lungs still holding carbon dioxide vapours, accumulated through imperfect breathing while asleep. After about three rinsings of the lungs one begins to taste the air. This is an indication that a good job is being done of the lung bathing. On becoming saturated with oxygen one experiences a sweet, clean taste, and

begins to feel the physical and mental exhilaration that results from the exercise. The devoting of two or three minutes twice a day to the rinsing of the lungs adds years to one's life, and increases the joy of life through better health. To secure the best results from lung bathing, the following points are recommended:—

1. Holding air in the lungs is not deep breathing. Get all you can in, then get all you can out. Think of the air as a delivery cart bringing in a load of rich food and carrying away a load of rubbish.
2. Don't try to do your lung bathing the same time as you are making your toilet, or doing something else. Of course, it is as well to breathe deeply at any time, but these breathings are supplementary to a real lung bath, which requires all your attention.

(Continued on Page 20.)



GOLF CLUB

## FIXTURE LIST

1937.

October 28th: — Concord Golf Club: Stroke Handicap, Club Championship.

November 25th: —Manly Golf Club: Stroke Handicap, Captain's Trophy.

December 16th.—The Lakes Golf Club: Stableford Par.



## Do You Know?

- **THAT** we have the finest indoor Swimming Pool in Australia, with sunlight, fresh air and sparkling water.
- **THAT** any man can, and every man should, learn to swim. It's easy, healthful, beneficial. The Attendant in the Pool will teach you free of charge.
- **THAT** to join the regular daily gym. classes it is only necessary to get into a gym. suit. The Instructors will help you to do the rest.
- **THAT** you can take that cold out of your system by spending an hour or so in the Turkish Bath. It's a cheap and pleasant method.
- **THAT** you cannot find a more comfortable home than the Club when the family is away. Moderate rates, continuous service.

## The Mother State

A Chateau Tanunda Historical Feature.

SERIES No. 15.



(Photo by N.S.W. Govt. Printer.)

Captain Sir Charles Sturt.

### TWO JOURNEYS BY CAPTAIN STURT

**S**IR Charles Sturt is possibly the greatest land explorer this country has known. Not only did he conduct his expeditions with the greatest possible thoroughness, and make some of the most important discoveries, but also was his splendid character admirably suited to the work of exploration. His commendable qualities of restraint had a happy effect, whereas many other explorers seemed to encounter difficulties in practically every contact with the natives. Sturt was able to deal with them amicably, and had not to resort to open hostility.

It was largely due to the prolonged drought of the late twenties of the last century that Sturt began his works of exploration. He was interested in the mystery of the inland rivers, and had paid considerable attention to the reports of earlier explorers who had sought to solve that riddle. He was one of the many who believed they found their outlet in a great inland sea and had paid due attention to the circumstances which had caused Oxley to turn back on his expeditions along the inland rivers, that is, their seeming termination in enormous marshes. In view of these things it appeared obvious that the most suitable time for further exploration was after a prolonged spell of dry weather, when the marshes would be dried up and their crossing possible. So it was that, after the years of serious drought preceding 1828, Sturt received command of an expedition to endeavour to solve once and for all the long standing mystery. Hamilton Hume was his second in command.

**T**HE expedition began in November, 1828, and made its way up the Macquarie as Oxley had done many years before. He found it little better than a succession of stagnant waterholes. Leaving the course of the river and setting off overland, he made the discovery of the Darling. The party had suffered terrible privations in the journey across the drought-stricken country and eagerly clambered down the steep banks to drink the water which lay so temptingly below. To their dismay it was quite salt! At the time Sturt thought that the salt was due to their position being near the supposed inland sea, but more thorough investigation proved it to be due to salt springs which occur at intervals in the river bed and, when its waters are low, give it decidedly salt water. After spending some time in exploration of the river, the party returned to Sydney with the riddle still unsolved.

In 1829, in another attempt to solve the mystery, Sturt decided to investigate the Murrumbidgee River, which thus far had received little attention. This river was traced down to its junction with the Murray, and then this larger stream followed. Some distance down another large river joined it, which Sturt felt convinced was the Darling. At the same time came the certainty that he had discovered the solution to the river problem, for the Murray soon began to flow more and more to the south, which indicated its outlet lying somewhere on the southern coast of Australia. He was right in this surmise, for not long afterwards his boats sailed out on to the broad waters of Lake Alexandrina, and the sea was to be seen as the further shore of the lake was approached. He examined the locality, found that the outlet was so insignificant as to have escaped notice by sea explorers, and then began the return journey. It was a nightmare row against the current along the course of the Murray, and terrible privations were suffered by all concerned before the depot was reached.



## BILLIARDS and SNOOKER

(Continued from Page 17.)

### Snooker Section.

In the snooker section eight stalwarts remain, but, the actual winner will be found during the coming week.

Those who will face the starter for the honour of contesting the semi-final are:—J. A. Roles (rec. 40), who has been drawn against "G.J.W." (rec. 25), while the other heats will be W. A. Scott (rec. 35) v. I. Stanford (rec. 35); E. O. Walcott (rec. 60) v. "Rose Bay" (rec. 5); N. D. McNally (rec. 47) v. C. E. Young (rec. 12).

Both tournaments have been a great success and engaged interest among members daily.

As is customary with the multi-ball game, there have been many surprises, but that is possibly because we are apt, at times, to under-rate opponents. Anyway, a victory or loss appears to matter little to members, and whichever way a game goes, the best feeling is in evidence.

Next issue, details of the finals will be chronicled, together with a commentary on the games.

In each section, the probable winner is obscured, but readers will learn all the harrowing details in due course. Most pleasing feature is that the events are ending on a high note, which is exactly as the committee and management desire.

## Physiculturist Washes Lungs Daily

(Continued from Page 18.)

3. Stick to your schedule morning and night. Probably the reason why we have to force ourselves to perform health-building exercises consistently is that we don't see results immediately. But the effects are cumulative.
4. Be sure to take the exercise in a well-ventilated room. If in your bedroom, have the windows up.

Wash your lungs first. Your bodily bath, although important, is secondary to the lung bath.

## A Great Figure in Australian Turf History

(Continued from Page 7.)

driving force that made those conferences continuous so that, as racing matters developed, new rules were framed to meet new conditions. The result is to be found in a set of regulations that is now well nigh perfect.

Next to racing, Sir Colin's sporting interest turned to polo. Indeed, he took up polo simultaneously with the beginning of his association with the turf, and maintained an active participation until 1914. In 1912 he was in the winning team of the Governor-General, Lord Denman, for the Dudley Cup, and three times got into the final, playing for Sydney.

Sir Colin's father, the Hon. S. A. Stephen, was a committeeman of the A.J.C. from 1883 till 1888. An uncle, Mr. W. R. Campbell, was an earlier executive, on the committee from 1870 till 1872, and Mr. F. C. Griffiths, another relative, was chairman of the A.J.C. and treasurer, each for long periods.

So Sir Colin Stephen was hereditary part of the history of the A.J.C., and his fine service added chapters in which his memory will be perpetuated.

## COME AND GET IT!

Your favourite . . . the pleasant, familiar friend you're always glad to see . . . eye-opener, pick-me-up, night-cap . . . SPARKLING CASCADE ALE!

Welcome its good taste, exhilaratingly different!

Welcome bright memories of summer sunshine, essence of lush green fields, wholesome tang of freshly picked hops, tingling with morning dew, sparkling gleam of mountain snow-water . . . It's what you need . . . Nature's grandest . . . Ask for it . . .

## SPARKLING CASCADE ALE

Try it off the ice at the Club Bar.  
Order a dozen for your home.

WALTER CAVILL PTY. LTD.,  
379 SUSSEX STREET,  
SYDNEY.

M 2214 (8 lines).

## Anything for a "Flutter"

From time to time one hears of freak wagers. Mostly these are the outcome of banter, and, despite actual money involved, there lies underneath, the humorous side.

Who, for instance, could have been serious-minded when at Oklahoma, a "Derby" was suggested for tortoises! Anyway, the event actually took place on a special race track of 25 yards.

Each tortoise had a number painted on his shell and, from a small beginning, the prize money mounted to £700. Surely there was a joke somewhere in the arrangements, even though the final result, by weight of money involved, took on more serious tone.

The contest was won by an outsider bearing the cognomen of Pebblestone. He romped home at a speed of a shade under one-tenth of a mile in an hour.

There was another "Derby" of different character, which took place two weeks after the foregoing. No doubt the promoters sensed novelty and altered the conditions.

This time, a circle was erected twenty-five feet in diameter and competitors were placed in the centre. The winner was to be the one which first touched any part of the boundary wall. The winner was a steed named Oilcan, and the official time computed down to one-nineteenth of a mile in an hour. Which only goes to show what a Phar Lap Pebblestone proved to be in the first race described.

At Whipsnade, in 1931, a "different" Derby was conducted when a snails' race was listed as the bill of fare.

The course consisted of a sheet of plain glass two yards in length, and a number of snails were lined up for the start.

The winner, named Grele de Fleche, had every reason to enter a protest had he not caught the judge's eye ahead of his rivals. At a critical stage of the race "G. de F." encountered a piece of dead match and tobacco ash which had been dropped on the course. However, he won handsomely in slick time, having averaged fifteen inches per minute.



'Phone: B 4266.

## PERCY MARKS

*Specialises in Exclusive Jewels  
and Rare Quality Diamonds  
in exquisite settings.*

49 Castlereagh St.,  
SYDNEY.

Large and Important  
Single Stone Diamonds.

## VICHY WATER CELESTINS

Renowned the whole world over as the best  
preventive for Gout, Rheumatism, Liver and  
Kidney complaints.

*Owned and Guaranteed by French Government.*

Beware of Imitations. Insist on Celestins.

*Sole Australian Agent:*

M. PELLETIER, 16 Bridge Street, Sydney.

## MINISTERIAL BUENOS CIGARS

- A remarkably fragrant Cigar at a moderate price.
- These Cigars are manufactured from genuine Havana leaf, carefully blended with selected Sumatra leaf.
- An exclusive Cigar well worth the attention of Members.

## J. T. HACKETT

## ALEX. WILLIAMS

Members of Tattersall's Club, Sydney; Victorian Club, Melbourne; and Tattersall's Club, Perth, W.A. Our reputation stands alone for Largest Amounts, Liberal Prices, and Prompt Settlements.

Clients are particularly requested on Race Days to make all telegrams "Urgent."

Operating on all Government Licensed Racecourses.

Address Communications:

J. Hackett, Sydney. Cable Address: "HACKWILL," Sydney.

## Hughes' Motor Service Limited

40-42 COLLEGE STREET, SYDNEY.  
170 PHILLIP STREET, SYDNEY.

At your instant command a fleet of the most luxurious Cadillac Imperial Sedan cars in Australia.

The service is available for 24 hours daily. The drivers are in uniform, courteous and efficient and have a thorough knowledge of the city and suburbs, and the tourist centres.

Economical and reliable. Ask for our Price List.

TRIPS TO ANYWHERE AT ANY TIME.

'Phones: B 6214, B 6215, B 6216.

## Why Go Elsewhere?

YOU can purchase a USED CAR with confidence, dispose of your used car at the highest cash price, or trade in on any make of NEW CAR at the most liberal allowance, by interviewing

## HUNTER & PHILLIPS

MOTOR TRADERS

Tattersall's Club Building

136 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

## Charles Kinsela Funeral Directors

Established 1830

SERVICE WITH  
ECONOMY.  
DAY AND NIGHT  
SERVICE.

OXFORD STREET  
TAYLOR SQUARE  
DARLINGHURST.  
'Phones FL 4136-7-8

'Phones: FM 1425 and FM 1475.

## W. GLAZEBROOK POULTERERS

50 Cross Street, Double Bay

English Game always on Hand.  
Hotels and Restaurants Supplied.



ASK FOR IT!

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

SPECIALLY IMPORTED

HOUSE  
Whisky

[Highland Nectar]

PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND

Bottled under the supervision  
of the Commonwealth Customs

*The Quality Never Varies*